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ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER IV

He too is blest, whose outward eye
The graceful lines of art may trace,
While his free spirit soaring high,
Discerns the glorious from the base,
Till out of dust, his magic raise
A home for prayer, and love, and full harmonious praise.

Love on the Saviour's dying head
Her spikenard drops unblamed may pour,
May mount His Cross, and wrap Him dead
In spices from the golden shore;
Risen, may embalm His sacred name
With all a painter's art, and all a minstrel's flame.

Christian Year.

We left Ethel Harding in the main street of Workingham, hesitating whether she should continue her way to St. George's, or turn her steps in the opposite direction, and attend Complin at the Catholic church. She felt quite bewildered—she could not form an idea which of the two interior voices she heard was the voice of conscience. One moment it appeared to her that this most unlooked-for opportunity of entering a Catholic house of prayer was sent her by Divine Providence—the next, she felt inclined to regard it as a temptation to give way to self-will. She had no sort of doubt as to which was the true Church—the doubt that agitated her was, whether it might not be the will of Almighty God for her to pass many years of probation yet, and to wander long and sorrowfully in the wilderness before she presumed to enter the Promised Land.

Her outward movements were affected by this interior struggle—she stopped—hesitated—turned round, and walked slowly in the opposite direction to her original path:—then suddenly stopped again and hurried back.—Before long she slackened her pace and turned again—then gathering up all her resolution to overcome the temptation, she turned once more and walked rapidly towards St. George's. Her strange manner of proceeding had attracted the attention of a lady, also alone in the street. This lady, we will call her Miss Grey, was a Catholic, on her way to call for a friend who lived in this street, to go with her to Complin. As she stood waiting for the door to be opened, she watched Ethel's disappearing form with an interest she could not account for. Ethel was well-dressed and elegant looking—but that was not what struck Miss Grey. She felt that Ethel's figure was familiar to her, though she could not think where she had seen her before. Ethel walked on steadily to St. George's, but on reaching the church she found it was ten minutes past six. What was to be done? Mrs. Walton's pew was in the front row in the gallery, a most conspicuous place, being in the full blaze of a gas light, and very near the tall reading-pew, which was as aspiring as the pulpit, and was raised almost to a level with the lowest seats in the gallery. Ethel had seldom entered her pew without a sensation of nervous shyness, such as she had experienced on entering the front row of a box at a theatre. But to enter it now—alone and during service—perhaps in the middle of the psalms, and to be obliged to stand up and face minister and congregation, with a cheek crimsoned from walking along the gallery, and seeing heads turn round as her winter boots resounded—it was not to be thought of. "Ah," thought Ethel, "if I had not been in too great a hurry to put on my veil, I might venture—but now—Oh! I cannot. How weak, how childish this is!" she continued, "how vain and frivolous! What does it matter to me what people think of me. No one whose good opinion is worth a straw will look at me.—Only the idle and empty-minded will observe me.—I must—I *will* get over this.—Help me, O Lord, to realize Thy presence more deeply, and then I shall forget human eyes. Oh, give me courage!" Thus praying Ethel entered the vestibule of the building. She was on the point of ascending the stairs when something like an interior voice seemed to whisper "Retrace your steps—you are losing golden moments." She obeyed, and was soon again in the main street, walking rapidly in the direction of St. Peter's. But she slackened her pace, and was near turning back more than once before she reached the church, and it cost her a strong effort to enter the outer door. But once *in the church itself*, every doubt and fear was suddenly dispelled by the overwhelming feeling of consolation which seemed to inundate her whole being—like a river of joy, bearing down all obstacles, refreshing and invigorating the weary, parched soul, and filling it so entirely as to exclude every other idea and sensation, but a consciousness of being in a church *really* blessed with the Divine Presence. The dignified and solemn style of the architecture, furniture, and decorations, heightened by a judicious arrangement of light, satisfied in the most perfect and tranquillizing manner that yearning after the sublime and beautiful, which the Source of all beauty (in whose image we are created) has implanted in every human soul, though a false system of training so often prevents its developement. Certainly it was a striking scene.

Towards the west end, the tall pillars and "arches dread" stood in deep shadow, the light being concentrated at the altar. The sanctuary was as yet only partially lit, for Complin at St. Peter's does not begin till half-past six. An acolyte in a surplice (the long-flowing angel-like surplice of the middle ages, only lately revived in England) was lighting a corona which hangs just within the sanctuary. When lit it has the effect of a crown of stars. The choir is approached by a very broad low flight of steps of white stone, and inclosed by a carved rood-screen of great height, from which rises a touching representation of our Blessed Redeemer on the Cross, of a large size, and coloured most naturally—(the blood trickling from the adorable wound in His sacred side)—with His Blessed Mother and St. John standing beneath the Cross. The effect of the whole was at once gorgeous and sombre—the colouring and gilding being subdued by their own perfect harmony; and the admirable light and shade, which will always arrange itself spontaneously when a church is lit with reverential feeling. If the building itself appealed powerfully to the imagination and senses, the devout appearance of the congregation spoke as powerfully to the heart and mind. There are few of our customs which strike reflecting Protestants more than the time Catholics delight in spending in private devotion in their churches. Many converts can bear witness that the ever-open doors of the continental churches first induced them to enter them frequently; and that the circumstance of their hardly ever finding a church at any town without a worshipper led them on to reflect on the contrast between Catholics and Protestants in this respect, and to endeavour to discover the cause of it. And this leads them on to a view of the most touching and consoling doctrine of our holy religion, the very key-stone of the Catholic faith. They perceive that this throws a new light on many passages in Holy Scripture, and rites of the ancient church; and that those who believe in the Real Presence, can use the enthusiastic language of the sweet Psalmist of Israel with regard to God's house, not merely in a figurative sense, with a view to the holy church invisible, but also in its most literal meaning in this present life; for the "angels' food" and the Jewish ark with its unearthly power, and sanctity, and glory, sink into insignificance when compared with that of which they were the types—the Word made flesh dwelling among us, within the Tabernacle on the Christian altar. Oh, none but a Catholic can *realize* those touching words, "A current of heavenly joy overflows the city of God, the Most High hath sanctified His own tabernacle." (Ps. 45.) "Glory and worship are before Him; power and honour are in His sanctuary." (Ps. 96, Prot. ver.) "The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: xx. God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge: we wait for thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple." (Ps. 98.) Ethel Harding had long ago entered into the Catholic sense of these passages of Holy Scripture, and now, as she advanced up the aisle of St. Peter's, parts of the 84th psalm (in the version she was accustomed to use) rose to her memory, and she recited with the rapidity of mental prayer, "Oh how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be always praising thee. They will go from strength to strength, and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion. One day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness." As Ethel sank upon her knees and buried her face in her hands, tears gushed forth and relieved her swelling heart. But they were quiet, joyful tears, and she felt as if she could have remained for hours in silent adoration. The ceasing of the toll of the deep-toned bell caused Ethel to raise her head, and as the organ's solemn sound rose upon the ear, a fair procession issued from the sacristy and proceeded to the choir. The Priest who was to officiate at benediction wore a gorgeous cope; but the flowing, simple, white surplice was the general dress of the attendant priests, deacons, choirmen, choristers and acolytes. Ecclesiastical torches (which have the appearance of candles of great size) were carried by several of the acolytes, and a beautiful rood of goldsmith's work was borne first in the procession. As this white-robed radiant throng ascended the steps, and passed through the gates of the rood-screen into the choir, Ethel was reminded of Jacob's ladder, so like a vision of angels did it seem to her. Complin began—Ethel's tears flowed afresh as the consoling words of the psalms fell upon her ear in all the solemnity of the universal tongue, chanted by a full chorus of deep rich voices. "Oh blessed words! oh words of mercy!" Ethel sighed mentally as she appropriated to herself such verses as "Multi dicunt: quis ostendit nobis bona. Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui Domine: dedisti lætitiam in corde meo. Esto mihi in Deum protectorem: et in domum refugii ut salvum me facias. Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus: non timebis a timore nocturno. Quoniam angelis suis mandavit de te: ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis. In manibus portabunt te: ne forte offendas ad lapidem pedem tuum."—It so happened that Ethel sat just before the lady who had observed her in the street, who recognized her again, and now guessed the cause of her agitation. Miss Grey was herself a convert, and felt strongly interested in Ethel; and prayed heartily for her, not failing to put her under the protection of the Mother of Mercy, and Consoler of the afflicted. The sermon was a very striking one. The season of advent was alluded to, and the state of England, and all were exhorted earnestly to increased fervour, watchfulness, and prayer. Ethel's feelings at benediction may be imagined. They must not be described here. Only we must mention, that as she knelt overpowered with awe and a stronger degree of consciousness of our Lord's Real Presence than she had ever before been blessed with, a solemn resolution (almost amounting to a vow) involuntarily passed through her mind, that she would no longer delay to enter the One Fold, within which alone the sheep feed on the true pasture appointed by the Divine Shepherd. Ethel remained kneeling after benediction was over, and, for the first time, thoughts

of the difficulties which would be in the way of her professing herself a Catholic, crossed her mind. She thought of her dear friend, Mrs. Raymond—of her revered guide the Vicar of Wilbury—and the idea of separating herself from them and throwing herself upon strangers seemed more than she could bear. At that instant she looked up. An acolyte was just going to extinguish the lights of the beautiful corona, which caused Ethel to look at it. It reminded her of the starry crown of martyrdom; and Keble's sweet lines rushed upon her memory:—

"They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle-eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.
Nor deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through blood and fire,
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.—

Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think who did once from heaven to hell descend,
Thee to befriend.
So shalt thou dare forego at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all!"

Christian Year.

As Ethel knelt in prayer Miss Grey pointed her out to her friend, and proposed to go to St. Mary's shrine and say the Litany of Loretto for her, which they did. And long after Ethel had left the church, and after the priest had carried the Blessed Sacrament from the high altar to the Lady Chapel, and reverently deposited it in the tabernacle on St. Mary's altar, her two unknown friends remained praying before the Blessed Sacrament in her behalf.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

Who is this man whose words have might
To lead you from your rest or care,
Who speaks as if the earth were right
To stop its course and listen there?
Where is the symbol of command
By which he claims this lofty tone?
His hand is as another's hand—
His speech no stronger than your own.

He bids you wonder, weep, rejoice,
Saying—"It is yourselves, not I;
I speak but with the People's voice,
I see but with the People's eye."—
Words of imposing pride and strength,
Words that contain, in little span,
The secret of the height and length
Of all the intelligence of man.

Yet, Brothers! God has given to few,
Through the long progress of our kind,
To read with eyes undimmed and true
The blotted book of public mind;
To separate from the moment's will
The heart's enduring real desires,
To tell the steps of coming ill,
And seek the good the times requires.—

These are the Prophets, these the Kings,
And Law-givers of human thought,
Who in our being's deepest springs
The engines of their might have sought:
Whose utterance comes, we know not whence,
Being no more their own than ours,
With instantaneous evidence
Of titles just and sacred powers.

But bold usurpers may arise
Of this as of another's throne;
Persuasion waits upon the wise,
But waits not on the wise alone:
An echo of your evil self
No better than the voice can be,
And appetites of fame or pelf
Grow not in good as in degree.

Then try the speaker, try the cause,
With prudent care, as men who know
The subtle nature of the laws
By which our feelings ebb and flow:
Lest virtue's void and reason's lack
Be hid beneath a specious name,
And on the People's helpless back
Rest all the punishment and shame.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

"I REMEMBER, Sir, some years ago, when travelling in France and Italy, to have frequently met in the remote bye-roads, and amidst the passes of the mountains, little parties of females pursuing their way to some secluded cottage amongst the hills, or some humble dwelling by the way-side. They were generally hurrying alone in parties of two, clad in the simplest garb, and in their appearance remarkable for nothing save their air of earnestness and benevolence. These, I was told, were members of the Society of the *Sisters of Charity*; and on farther inquiry, I was more intimately informed of their occupation and habits. They were ladies, my guide informed me, generally of superior birth and education, who had made a vow to devote themselves for certain portions of their lives, some for a longer term than others, but generally from three to ten or fifteen years, to attending on the sick and administering to the destitute and distressed. Their days were spent in going from cottage to cottage, in search of objects of distress. They shrunk not even from the contagion of the hospitals; and so affectionate was their solicitude for their patients, that the sick considered themselves fortunate indeed who could have for their nurse one of the Sisters of Charity. Rich and poor were alike the objects of their attention; their aim was the alleviation of misery; and they felt that its visits were not confined to the mansions of poverty alone. 'They are loved and admired by all,' added my informant, 'even the *bad* respect them, and the very bandits would perish on the hills rather than molest one of the Sisters of Charity.'"—*Speech of Emerson Tennent, M. P.*

ENGLISH STORIES.

No. 3.

In my last story, I told you about two English Kings, men who wore a crown, and carried a golden sceptre in their hands, and sat on a throne, being endued with power from God, and anointed by the Church, or as the Old Chronicles express it, "by the Almighty *annealed*," to reward and to punish their faithful or rebellious subjects. *Power*, whether temporal or spiritual, is indeed a very awful thing; and though in our day it has become the fashion to mock at it, to doubt its reality, and even to set it at nought, nothing can hinder or alter the will of God, that it should be delegated to earthly and visible rulers, and that if they are despised, punishment and pain, in some shape or other, will surely follow.

We have now to consider power in a different shape, under altogether different circumstances, and displayed in a totally different individual. We shall find the crown exchanged for the monk's cowl, the sceptre for the rosary, the throne for the bare floor, or (at best) for an oaken seat in choir, where daily and nightly, he, with his companions, assembled to sing praises to God in the sweet and unvarying Psalms of the King of Israel.

Bede was born in the year of our Lord, 673 (about three hundred years before Alfred), in the "uttermost corner of the world," his pupil, Abbot Cuthbert, tells us, by which he means Northumberland and Durham; and no doubt Northumberland was then a wild and savage district, full of vast forests and marshes, peopled by a race foreign to the rest of England. His parents seem to have been poor, and of no reputation, though little is known about them. Be this as it may, they appear to have known, better than some of us in the 19th century, what *education* meant, and in what was its value. For they sent their son at seven years old, to St. Bennet, or Benedict Biscop, to be brought up in his monastery at Jarrow. St. Bennet was a very holy and learned man, who, born a noble, gave himself up to the service of God and his fellow-countrymen. He spent his life, indeed, in travelling about to gain improvements for them, and went many times to Rome, the centre of holiness and learning, for this end.

It is not necessary to recount or explain to you the origin of monasteries, or to speak to Catholics of the innumerable and inestimable benefits of those "Armies of the Church," which we now call Regular Bodies. Once England was so full of these "Houses of Peace," that in every forest, and green dell, and broad meadow, the multitudes of blessed were to be found; and wherever the traveller penetrated, the sound of the Vesper or Matin-bell, or the Morning Angelus, sounded forth its sweet chime, to tell him that he was at home and among brothers. And, however hurried he might be, he generally hasted into the church to put up a prayer "to God and His Christ, Blessed Mary and the Apostles being his advocates;" or if his business was too urgent for that, he at least sped onward with "Deo Gratias." For as old Durandas says, "the chime of bells frighted away Satan and his hosts, so that men rejoiced when they heard them."

In Northumberland indeed, wild and savage as might be the face of the country, men's hearts were more peaceful and gentle than we might find them now; for we learn from Bede, that many a one, both of noble and private persons, laid down their arms and earthly pomp, and betook themselves with their children to the monastic life. Conceiving, with a quiet faith little known in these restless days, that to serve God in peace was a better and more enduring thing than worldly honours and thirst for gain.

Bede, then, was sent to a monastery at seven years old, where he was employed in learning his future duties, in study, and in Psalmody, which St. Bennet had brought in and encouraged at Jarrow. You are all, most probably, well acquainted with what are called the Gregorian Tones, or Plain Chant, which some persons call the new style of singing, viewing it with dislike, compared with more lively music. It was these very Tones which St. Bennet brought into England from Rome, where he was accustomed to go. The solemn and austere chime of the ancient music struck his ear, as more suited to devotion and the praise of Eternal Majesty than the lighter and more frivolous French Chants which had hitherto been used in this country, and he caused them to be adopted in the monasteries under his rule throughout England. The Benedictine monks, perhaps, fancied Plain Chant as little as some of us; and, perhaps, it *is* impossible for ears long accustomed to lively airs, to be, at first, altogether satisfied with the extreme austerity of the Gregorian Tones; but whoever has heard in Italy, or at Lyons, the solemn *chime* of the Office, recited to those Tones in choir, will rest satisfied that such music is really the most devotional, and most wisely continued and ordered by the church.

Besides the constant practice of Psalmody, in which also he gave lessons, Bede was occupied in the reading and exposition of Holy Scripture. The Bible had not been then, as now, cast irreverently into the lap of every man, to do with as he would. It had not been held up as matter of dispute and wrangle, to be twisted into the sense of each man's fancy. It was then regarded, as it ever is, as the most sacred Treasure-house of the Church; in which was to be sought, when called for, condemnation, or proof, and the ground-work of all instruction. Under the guidance of the Church, Bede drank deeply of these sources of knowledge, and by the help of the commentary of a holy and obedient life, became filled with heavenly wisdom and knowledge. He was the chief instructor in the monastery, and brought up many a holy child in the fear of God. When he was nineteen years old, he was ordained Deacon, by John, Archbishop of Canterbury, having before taken the five minor orders of Lector, Porter, Exorcist, Acolyte, and Sub-deacon. He remained a Deacon for eleven years, during which time he increased his studies, his instructions, and his obedience. The books which he wrote are too many to mention here. They amount to thirty-seven works, mostly expositions of some part of Holy Scripture. We are told that the humility of Bede did not allow him to exercise only his mental powers, which he well knew were calculated to puff him up with pride, and give him a vain heart to carry under his monk's habit. Like the rest of the Benedictines, he laboured with his hands; and, as his great successor, St. Bernard, said—very likely he learned more in meditation over his field-work, than he would have done with the severest study. For this is the glorious privilege of the True Church, that into whatever state or condition of life the faithful may be thrown, they may not only follow a holy life in spite of its obstacles, but turn those very obstacles into a greater means of serving God, and working out their own perfection. At the loom and at the plough, in the factory and among the herds, the mysteries of our faith may be clearly discerned, and deeply pondered, and faithfully practised.

So did Bede practise them. With his whole heart, in simplicity and singleness of mind, he did the work appointed to him to do; and the proof of his holy life lies in his happy and glorious death, to which we are now come. For (and it is one of the mysteries of the records of the Saints) though we know little of the every-day detail of his life, we have the fullest accounts of his last hours; and it is on account of them, chiefly, that I tell you the story. His scholar, Cuthbert, afterwards Abbot of Jarrow, gives an account to his friend Cuthwin of his Master's death; which we cannot do better than tell nearly in his own words. In this manner, then, he begins—"To his most beloved in Christ, co-reader (or lector) and schoolfellow, greeting eternal in our Lord. I gladly received your present, and gratefully read your letter, in which you mention that the Holy Sacrifice and Prayers are diligently celebrated by you for the Beloved of God, our dear Master and Father, Bede. In a few words, therefore, on account of that love shown to him, I will relate how he passed from this life, about which you ask and desire to know. For two weeks before our Lord's Resurrection, he was much troubled with shortness of breathing, but without pain; but he spent both day and night gladly and joyfully, giving thanks to God without ceasing. Nay, even every hour during the same, until Ascension Day, which was about the 7th of June. So he passed his life, and gave the while lessons to us his scholars, singing Psalms during what remained of time. All the night was spent in joyful praise and thanksgiving to God, excepting now and then a short sleep interrupted him in these exercises. The moment he awoke, he returned to them again; ceasing not to return thanks to God with out-spread hands. 'O truly blessed man,' he chanted from blessed Paul

the Apostle, 'O truly blessed man, for it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;' and much more did he continue repeating from Holy Scripture. Being also well-versed in our songs, which he repeated in our own, that is, the English tongue; for having translated the above sentence of Holy Writ into English, he added, 'No man is wiser than is necessary, nor can tell before his departure what will be his lot.' Meaning that no one can tell for certain what will be the judgment of God in his regard. Then he would sing Antiphons according to our custom and his own, of which one was, 'O Rex Gloriæ'—'OKing of Glory, Lord of Power, who triumphing to-day, didst ascend into the Heaven of heavens, leave us not orphans; but send down upon us from the Father the Holy Spirit whom Thou didst promise. Alleluia.' And when he came to those words, 'leave us not orphans,' he burst into tears and wept greatly; and in about an hour's time he repeated the same Antiphon; so that we who heard him, wept with him; now weeping, and now reading, and yet always with many tears. In this kind of joy we passed the days of Lent until the Feast of Ascension; he all the while giving thanks to God, and rejoicing in that he was found worthy to be so afflicted. Often did he say and repeat again, 'God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,' and many such-like verses of Holy Scripture; and also a sentence of St. Ambrose, 'I have not so lived, as to be ashamed to die among you, neither do I fear to die, having so good a God.' At this time, besides giving lessons to us, and singing Psalms, he completed two little works worthy to be had in remembrance, viz: a translation of the Gospel of St. John into English for the use of the Church, and some passages of St. Isidore's Book of Notes, saying, 'I do not wish my scholars to read what is false or without advantage, when I am gone.'

"When the third day before the Feast of Ascension was come, his breath laboured more violently, and his feet were slightly swelled; but he taught and cheerfully dictated the whole day, saying among other things, 'Learn quickly, for I do not know how long I shall hold out, until my Creator take me to Himself.' To us, however, he seemed to know very accurately the time of his departure, and the night wore away in thanksgiving and watching. When the dawn appeared on the fourth day, Wednesday, he told us to write in haste and finish what we had begun, which we did until terce (9 o'clock). At terce, we walked in procession with the relics of the Saints, as was our custom then; when one of us said to him, 'Beloved Master, there still remains one chapter unfinished, will it trouble you to be asked any more questions?' to which he replied, 'It is no trouble to me, but take thy pen and write quickly,' which he did. At nones (3 o'clock), however, he said again to him, 'go and look in my chest, and bring to me such spices, naviculas (for holding incense), incense, and napkins as are therein, and run quickly and bring the Priests of our monastery to me, that I may give to them such presents as God has bestowed upon me. For the riches of this world, gold, silver, and precious things, I have none; but in all brotherly charity and joy, I will give them what I have.' When the Priests were come to his cell, he admonished them all, and begged of them to say masses and offer up prayers for his soul, which they freely promised; but they all mourned and wept, chiefly for that he said, they should see his face no more in this world. Nevertheless, they rejoiced in spirit when he said, 'It is time for me to return to him who made me, to him who fashioned me, to him who created me out of nothing. I have lived a long time, my merciful Judge has well ordered my life, the time of departure is come, for I desire indeed to depart and to be with Christ.' Many other things with joy he repeated until evening drew nigh, when the boy, Wyberht, said, 'Dear Master, there remains only one sentence unwritten' (of St. John's Gospel.) He answered, 'write quickly.' The boy immediately said, 'the last sentence is written, it is finished.' He replied, 'thou hast well said, 'it is finished.' Take my hand now into thy hands, and support me, for it would please me much to sit opposite to my oratory where I was used to pray, that sitting there I may again, as I have been accustomed, call upon my Heavenly Father.' And so falling down on the pavement of his cell, he chanted in the Latin tongue, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: but when he had said 'to the Holy Ghost,' his own gentle spirit left his fleshly house, and he departed straightway to the Heavenly Kingdom. And all those who stood there and saw the blessed Father depart, said they had never seen any one leave this life with so great devotion and tranquillity. For the whole time of his sickness to his death, he ceased not to give thanks and praises to God, singing the eternal song, 'Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.' Many things indeed, besides, could I say of him, but my tongue fails me."

So died blessed Bede, the faithful and humble servant of God. True indeed it is that the soul of the just man is in the hands of God, and no torment can touch him. And this I repeat, not because it is a new thing or unknown to you, but advisedly; because what is often repeated ever becomes to a devout soul a fresh motive to daily practice and daily perseverance. It is not necessary to add much comment on what has been said, for though we much wish that Cuthbert had fulfilled his promise (given elsewhere) of writing a longer and fuller *life* of Bede, we should still perhaps conclude as he does, our tongues would fail us to repeat it. But two things strike us deeply in the account. The blessed state of England then, and the possibility of its attaining to such a state again. The noble St. Bennet, and the lowly-born Bede, were both joined hand in hand in the same holy cause, and striving with the daily labour of a long life to lead little children to holiness and the fear of God. They knew that it was not indeed advisable for every one to leave the world and follow Christ in the religious state. But they knew that for two classes of men, especially the very poor, the sorely tempted, that state was almost *necessary*, and they well knew where true peace and safety only was to be found for them. The English character, so stubborn, and resolute, and self-willed, even then, was only to be tamed by the loving yoke of spiritual obedience and spiritual discipline, and those who best knew this formed maxims of fatherly care and training for these ends. If Bede could have seen the lengths to which that fearful self-will has now brought us, his cheerful songs would surely have been changed into bitter tears for England. If he so wept then at the bare thought of being left orphans by God, what could his eyes have become but two rivers of tears, at the desolate condition of our unhappy and undisciplined country, now really motherless, for she has refused the Mother Church which brought her forth with such labour and pain, and cherished her childhood with such loving cares? Like the ungrateful Jews, England will not have Christ to reign over her.

But while we deeply mourn over the contrast between our own and Bede's day, we must learn of him a cheerful faith, that though we have put away God, and hidden him from our eyes by our sins, He has written *us* "on the Palms of His Hands," and will come among us in this fourth generation, to restore us to our place again.

There are still (thanks be to Him) some pious and faithful souls left among us, and a promise of yet many more; there are still holy Priests to feed us with the Heavenly Manna, and lighted Altars at which to receive the Benediction of our Redeemer, and "Houses of Peace," where those who hate, and those who fear the world, may gather together, as did holy Bede and his scholars, to hear and learn the will of God, and sing sweet Antiphons gracefully to his praise.* In a word, then, we are not as those who see and know of the blessing of God's Church, and speak of her fostering care, and yet remain without the fold, waiting for they cannot say what, and depriving themselves of the grace mercifully vouchsafed them. We are within that Fold, and of that Flock, in which holy Bede lived and died; and, therefore, it behoves us to look heedfully to ourselves in all things; for if such perfection was attainable to him then, it is so now to us. We have not less,

* And we desire to press upon all classes of men the inestimable benefit of those divinely-inspired Psalms, which in the days of the yet unbroken Church, were chanted without ceasing throughout Christendom, fulfilling the Apostolic injunction, "is any man among you merry, let him sing Psalms." The Psalter was the Prayer-book, the daily companion, the manual of every devout soul, and such a one will find, as Bede found, that in time of temptation and trial, and at the hour of death, the Psalter will come up again to his memory with the most solid and the sweetest consolation.

but rather more means and helps, than he had; and if we do not use them, and watch and strive to obtain it, we must give account for our negligence. Let each English Catholic therefore strive to live, as if the restoration of his country to grace depended on his sole exertions and his holy life. Then will God hear our prayers, and give us again a blessing.

MR. WARD AND THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR—Several of the newspapers have occupied themselves of late in my private affairs; and theological comments, I am told, have in some instances been made upon the circumstance that I am engaged to be married. I have no wish to examine the question how far in these comments the liberty of the press has been carried beyond its due limits, because in truth I am glad of the opportunity, which could hardly otherwise have been afforded me, of making a short and simple statement of my views on an important theological subject. I am not unmindful of the grave evils which may be apprehended from making newspapers the vehicle of such controversy; but on the other hand, a person who undertakes the responsibility of writing a work which treats on subjects of such extreme importance as those considered in the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, seems to lie under positive obligation to take measures, so far as in him lies, that a cause which he considers inexpressibly important may not suffer detriment through a misapprehension which a few words from him might remove. Whereas, then, it appears that both friends and opponents have in innumerable instances conceived that there is some inconsistency between the sentiments contained in my work and the announcement that has been recently made, I trust I shall not appear egotistical, or again unduly sensitive, if I beg your permission to lay before your readers the simple views which I have long entertained on the subject of religious celibacy.

First—I hold it most firmly as a truth even of natural religion, that celibacy is a higher condition of life than marriage.

Secondly—I most fully believe that vows of celibacy, when duly taken, are perpetually obligatory; and,

Thirdly—I incline most strongly to the opinion, that under a really effective church system, the priests would be, if possible, wholly selected from those who have taken such vows.

On the other hand, it appears to me of the utmost importance to remember, that in cases where no vocation is felt for a life of celibacy, he who leads such a life forfeits a great spiritual blessing, and he who makes a resolution, much more a vow, to lead such a life involves himself in a fearful snare. I can hardly fancy a much more serious evil than that the Catholic doctrine on "counsels of perfection" should be revived, while the correlative Catholic doctrine on "vocation" remains dormant; and any one incurs a most serious and grave responsibility who swells a current of public opinion which should tend to deter from marriage those who have not had the opportunity of carefully considering which direction their real call lies.

These have been very long my opinions, and more than one of my friends remember my having from time to time expressed them. How any one can imagine I have ever professed any vocation to a high and ascetic life, I am utterly at a loss to conceive. At the very onset of my work I mention that my dissatisfaction with the English system arises from "the absence" in it "of such helps as may support an erring and sinful mind in the most ordinary path of salvation" (p. 8), and speak of myself as having "no more power in understanding and sympathising with moral goodness than would be given by acting for a *single day*, with reasonable constancy, in disregard of other inclinations, and with a single eye to duty" (p. 5); while in the preface I most earnestly draw the attention of my readers to those disclaimers (p. viii.) I suppose persons consider these to have been merely graceful expressions of humility at starting, just as some, with the kindest intentions, have represented me as not fully realising the various severe expressions which are to be found in my work. But I am really in the habit of saying what I mean, whether I speak of the "deep and burning hatred" which I feel towards the English reformation, or of the very unfavourable light in which I regard my own moral attainments.

One newspaper, I am told, supposes that I must deny the validity of the English ordination. This is really unintelligible. The strongest ultramontane Roman Catholic would repudiate the doctrine that priests are forbidden by divine law to marry; while, I need not say, no ecclesiastical law exists on the subjects in our own church. On the other hand, I do not at all deny, rather I deeply feel, that under a pure and really effective church system, a person so wholly destitute as I am of such a vocation, would never have been admitted into priest's orders. In that part of the Roman church (by far the greater part) where the discipline of priestly celibacy exists, nothing can exceed the care that is taken of ascertaining in each individual case whether there be really such a vocation.

The only remaining question is, whether such a person as myself could have any right to express a confident opinion on theological subjects—in other words, whether I do not rate too highly the value of mere intellects in such inquiries. The quarterly reviewer of my work thinks the very reverse—that I rate it too highly. My own opinion of course is, that I rate it neither too highly nor too lowly. I think that a writer who, like myself, makes it a matter of the most conscientious duty never to deem a religious opinion false which religious men hold, until he has satisfied himself that they hold it either as an intellectual inference from, or an intellectual anylysis of, their spiritual perceptions, and that it is itself no part of these perceptions—I think that such a writer may conceivably bring to light truth of the very utmost value and importance, however miserably deficient his own moral character. Whether I have myself brought to light such truth depends of course upon the question, whether my intellectual powers be really valuable or not—a question which has plainly no reference to the point now at issue—or, viz., whether I have, or have not, a vocation for a single life. I remain, Sir your faithful servant,

March 1. W. G. WARD.

LORD BYRON'S RELIGION.

HE (Lord Byron) goes on to say, that he inclines to the Catholic faith—an inclination which might have found favour for him with more than one bishop. This is in a confidential letter, in which he adds, speaking of Mr. Shelley, for whom he felt a high and just esteem, "with his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have."—*From a Pamphlet ascribed to Sir John Cam Hobhouse.*

IT is dangerous to be in the right, where men of credit and reputation are in the wrong.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A FRENCHMAN'S REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(Extracted and translated from *Melanges*, par D. Nisard.)

LONDON should be visited for the sake of Westminster Abbey. On one side you have the Parliament, another antiquity full of grandeur, and connected with interesting reminiscences. Protestantism has exiled from Westminster Abbey the Catholic descendants of those who built it. * * * * *

On entering Westminster Abbey you are met by a kind of usher. "Do you wish to see the whole edifice, or only a part?" and he names you the two prices. The bargain struck, he goes to wake another usher, who is asleep on a chair at the foot of a pillar a few paces distant. This man rises, and rubs his eyes, and then conducts you to all the tombs of importance, naming as he goes on the persons who are buried. If you remain too long in one chapel, he politely requests you to finish your tour, telling you that when he has shown all you will be at liberty to retrace your steps. This I never failed to do.

The first time that I visited this beautiful Abbey was on the occasion of a great wind. One might say that the clouds were tearing themselves to pieces against the roofing (*toiture*). This mysterious noise above my head, and the silence at my feet and around me, confounded me. I have felt something like it in the woods, at the foot of great trees, when the rising wind begins to shake their tops, and the grass is not even bent. But in the middle of a great nave, surrounded by the tombs of eight centuries, standing as a minute and weak man before an immense work made by the hand of man, with a mind lost in doubt and uncertainty in the presence of two religions which have deeply moved the human mind—in this situation I have experienced, in a degree still more lively, the singular state when thought seems to cease, and the pulse to beat no more. Strange that such mighty spectacles are requisite to overcome the mind of a man and to suspend for a moment thought, which is so indocile! Strange, that the voice of great forests, the murmuring of the sea, the silence of old mountains, is not more than sufficient to silence for an instant the little sound which we call thought!

Catholicism built this great church for a great religion, that a whole people might go there to hear the word of God chanted with all the force of the human voice; that man might feel his own littleness in the temple of God, finding that the mighty song of assembled multitudes beneath its vaulted roof did not crack the edifice. Protestantism, by taking possession of Westminster Abbey, has straitened it for its own *religion de salons*, for its chants by women and children of the choir, for its sermons before a small auditory, for a handful of the faithful to which the minister reads prayers in a grave and sober voice, without accent, and without vibration. The nave of the old temple has been cut in half, and a boarded inclosure has been made with seats and benches for about a hundred of the faithful. The other half is empty; the consecrated soil begins at this wretched bit of carpenter's work, which has been built but to rot, while the walls, which generations raised for eternity, are neither revered nor profaned, unless by the rows of tombs which stand as an object of veneration for the traveller. Protestantism had not voice enough to fill these vast aisles, nor to ascend to these vaulted roofs; a mutilated edifice was necessary for a mutilated religion; less space was required for reason than for faith.

The struggle between two religions in the same church is not less plainly shown by the tombs of Westminster Abbey. Catholicism reared it, Catholicism stamps the greatest character on the tombs. I am not here speaking of art; there are more skilful strokes of the chisel in the monuments of Protestantism; in those of Catholicism there is little more than faith, often without art, but we feel a force in their workmanship, and a sort of certainty of another life, which touches us profoundly. Those effigies of the Kings of the Norman race, all lying armed on the tombstones, all with joined hands, in the same attitude, all conceived according to one idea, though successive ages may have improved their execution; those women, those children, those faithful servants, who are ranged about the tomb, kneeling, their hands joined as those of the deceased, who mourn not, but pray, because tears pass away, not faith, and man can pray always rather than mourn; all these figures, who represent the drama of death, but do not play it, as in certain Protestant monuments—all this *naïveté* of an art, I say, the masters of which were but simple workmen, exercises a singular sway over the imagination and the heart. The design has been to make really dead persons; there is the very stiffness of a corpse in these limbs; nought is beating under this armour, these eyes are closed to open no more; the tomb is sealed, all is finished, but the artist has conveyed by these joined and heaven-lifted hands a thought—yes, the thought that possessed the deceased before he resigned his soul to God—the thought which inspired the artist himself, and often repaid him for his toils—the thought which filled the servants and the children of the deceased, the people who followed his obsequies, and the priest who sprinkled holy water on his relics—in a word, the thought that God may be disarmed by prayer.

In the tombs of Protestantism unity is gone. We find the diversity of museum—busts, emblems, and statues. It is no more religious thought, but caprice and vanity, which gives the idea of a monument; it is art without faith which executes it. Prayer is no more considered; dramatic attitudes are given to the dead; some threaten, others smile upon you; one plays a part, and another expires with a grace. I have seen some mounting to heaven surrounded by clouds, and others haranguing Parliament. There is a noble lady who died, doubtless, much regretted by her husband; she is in her bed, expiring, while Death—that is to say, the great black skeleton with the scythe in its hand, which serves to frighten children—darts from a secret cavern under the bed of this poor lady. The husband perceives him; places himself between his wife and death, holds his suppliant hands to the latter, and entreats it with tears in his eyes. Now translate all this:—*Lord* Nightingale was a good husband, or, at any rate, wished to pass as such. But who was *Lord* Nightingale? Why, a person who was rich enough to bury his wife at Westminster. This abbey is not confined to Kings and great men; it is a Pantheon, where every one pays for his place, and that dearer than at a cemetery. Shakspeare occupies less space there than *Lady* Nightingale. George Canning and Pitt lie each under a slab with their name inscribed. Those whose mere name does not say enough are not in a position to be better known, or do not deserve it. Leave all this train of epithets and show of titles to those who have only made their life known by their death. A stone and a name is enough for celebrated men, since there is no longer a faith to lay them on their tombs, and to join their hands, and thus to show that their strength was only in prayer. The epitaph and monument should be left to history, and the deep impression which a grand biography concealed under a slab of six feet makes on the mind should not be stifled under works of masonry.

This profusion of tombs does not convey the idea of death. A grave newly dug, a coffin from which the pall has been removed, the shovelfull of earth thrown upon it—these touch much more forcibly. Death, as a collective idea, only inspires declamations, and awakens no real sorrow. On the contrary, the nearer we are to the corpse, the more sad and impressive is this idea.

I am ashamed to confess that I went through "Poets-corner" with indifference; yet Shakspeare is there, or rather his statue and cenotaph, paid for by two performances at Drury-lane, for his actual remains lie beneath the stones of the church at Stratford, where his age suffered him to die, caring no more for his death than his birth. Singular enough! he lived in the time of Elizabeth, in one of those epochs of public prosperity when the slightest superiority stands in its full light; and yet there is less information respecting his life than that of the most insignificant courtier. Some have written that he was bailiff of a county, others that he poached on the estates of great lords; that he held the horses of the audience at the gates of the theatre, and played the ghosts in his own pieces. You will not find his history in his dramas—you will not perceive the author under his characters. He creates men, gives them passions, and when this is done, leaves them to be carried on by those passions, and troubles himself no more about them. If they commit faults, they pay the penalty—if they are stronger than events, they overcame them—if weaker, they yield. Shakspeare has not, like our tragedians, a favourite character by which he communicates himself to the pit; the one who happens to be on the stage is the one he loves the best. You would be his dupe if you strove to seek him in the parts he has created, and under the masks which he has given to the great pas-

sions which excite tears or laughter. You believe him oppressed by a sombre melancholy when perhaps he was a hearty laugher, who loved to give free play to his imagination, and to prate like Cassio with the passing shade; or perhaps he was some careless philosopher, appearing at the fall of the curtain, at the moral of his terrible drama, with a calm fine countenance, and with the air of a man who is unmoved amid so many calamities, and says to the pit, "None of this was my fault." His statue says nothing to you, and this empty tomb, in which there is not even a particle of his ashes, is but a figure in a museum—a museum of tombs, if you will have it so. Besides, placed as he is, in a little nook in the wall, he is crowded by poets, who beyond the learned circles of London have scarcely more celebrity than our album and almanack writers, with even some prosaists among them. Such an arrangement is erroneous; there is no interest in this amalgamation of glories of all degrees; emotion is destroyed by curiosity. It is only in the presence of the old tombs of Catholicism that the imagination is awakened, and that we feel all that is great and touching in the past.

That which chiefly affects us in ages gone by is the moral character whiich distinguishes them from our own. If we love the majestic aspect of the old churches, those works of faith and religion, it is because on every subject our convictions are but weak and wavering; because we feel the necessity of betaking ourselves to something strong, to something which comes home to us, and which allows us to rest awhile from our wearisome contradictions. If we are forcibly struck by all that bears the mark of enthusiasm, it is because in us enthusiasm has been withered by experience, and because, dreading, above all, to be dupes, or even to appear such, we envy the peace of those simple men who did not laugh aloud at those grave matters on which depend happiness and misery, and who did not hide themselves to perform their duties.

If we love the figures that pray on the old monuments, it is because on modern tombs religious thought has been stifled by worldly thought, doubtless that the deceased themselves might not be the laughing-stocks of the curious. If the majestic uniformity of Catholicism inspires us with sincere respect, it is because we are now accustomed to diversity and isolation, willingly contesting all human authority less by the *arrièrepensés* of disorganization, than on account of the incapacity we feel of convincing ourselves of the rights of any one whatever—a strange situation for people who are thus in a state of dull and perpetual insurrection.

THE PAPAL BENEDICTION, FROM ST. PETER'S.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQUIRE.

HIGHER than ever lifted into space,
Rises the sovereign dome,
Into the colonnade's immense embrace
Flows all the life of Rome;

The assembled peasants of a hundred mountains,
Beneath the Sun's clear disk,
Behold that peerless whole of radiant fountains,
Exorcised obelisk.

And massive front, from whose high ridge outslanted,
A spacious awning fell;
The swaying breadth each gazer's breast enchanted
To follow its slow swell.

Why are they met in their collected might,
That earnest multitude?
Is it to vindicate some injured right,
By threat and clamour rude?

To watch with tiptoe foot and eager eye
Some mere device of Pride,
Meaningless pomp of regal vanity
The void of truth to hide?

To feed some popular lust which cautious power
Would, for wise ends, restrain,
Not bartering to the passions of an hour
What ages toiled to gain?

Thanks, thanks to heaven that in these evil days,
Days of hard hearts and cold,
Days where no love is found in all our ways,
Where man is overbold.

And loathes all tender mutual offices
And nothing old reveres,
Unwilling to be seen upon his knees,
Ashamed of his own tears.

My soul, the gracious privilege of this sight,
This priceless sight, has won,
A people of too simple faith to slight
A Father's benison.

Not in low flattery, not in selfish dread,
Before one meek old man,
A people, a whole people, prostrated,
Infant and veteran.

By that High-priest in prelude of deep prayer
Implored and sanctified,
The benediction of paternal care
Can never be denied.

Most surely from that narrow gallery
The oriflamb unfurled,
Shelters within its grand benignity
Rome and the orbed world.

The faintest wretch may catch the dew that falls
From those anointed lips,
And take away a wealth that never palls,
A joy without eclipse.

Old pines! that darkly skirt the circling hills,
Bend down in grateful awe,
Infuse the earth's dry heart, prolific rills!
With love's unbroken law.

Bear the glad tidings to your sister seas,
Mediterranean waves!
Let every muttering storm be hushed to peace,
Silent the thundering caves

And would my spirit from earth's embasing rule,
Were in this moment riven!
That I might pass through such fit vestibule,
Up to the face of heaven.

Religion will always make the waters of Mara wholesome and palatable, but we must not think it will continually turn water into wine because it once did.

It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults.

As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

Idleness is the dead sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

LIFE OF ST. RICHARD

KING OF THE WEST SAXONS.—DIED 772,

The Saxon nobles and kings of England, gave a lesson to mankind; and the world, astonished, beheld warriors and princes resign their pride and glory as a burden, and choose, as some better thing, the meek and lowly service of religion. The example was stirring, and naturally drew others after it; a succession of devout wanderers left their English homes, seeking the spots which the Apostles had trod, Rome and the Holy Land. "About this time," says Bede, speaking of the beginning of the eighth century, "multitudes of the English people did so commonly, both of high rank, and of low estate, clergy and laity, and women too as well."

Saint Richard is to be reckoned among the number of the men of birth spoken of in this passage. Little can be positively ascertained of his early history; probably he was one of the rich thanes, and was born, according to the Bollandists, in the reign of Ceadwall. "From his childhood he was deeply imbued with Christianity." These few words contain the sum of what is known of his early life. But though brief, they say much. Natural strength of character, noble birth and wealth, are nothing positive in themselves; they imply increase of trial and larger capacity of good or evil: but when deep feelings and great powers are brought under the control of sublime principles, then it is that men are framed, excelling in action, and mighty in influence. The soul of man seems then like some powerful instrument touched by a master-hand, and brought out into full play. Therefore, little more needs to be added to the simple statement that, born in circumstances a wealthy and noble prince, he was early a devout Christian.

Tradition connects him with St. Ina, and his mother with the royal Mercian race. Such education and extraction well befitted one who was to be the father of a family of saints. Staid and settled characters of habitual piety and gravity, when joined to a courteous behaviour and noble open bearing, form the true model of the head of a household. Such men are found faithful to their trust, and bring up their children after them in gentle reverence and willing obedience. His wife and queen, according to tradition, was Winna the sister of Winfrid. Winna bore him two sons, who were named Willibald and Winibald.

It is observed by an old writer, that it is a peculiar feature of the English Saxons, that many holy saints are found in one family together. Perhaps this pleasing circumstance is to be connected with, and explained by, that domestic cast of character which seems to be national. A holy family is the highest image the mind can conceive; and if it is interesting to mark the working of the power of Christianity on individual biography, as it subdues and moulds, like a refining fire, the several ingredients of an earthly temper, and brings them out into a heavenly beauty; it is still more so to trace the magical effect upon a family group, when the separate holy characteristics come out distinctly into light and pleasing variety, like the budding of a beautiful plant into its several delicate ramifications of tendrils, flowers, and leaves.

Willibald and Winibald both inherited the same deep resolve, and strength of purpose. But Willibald, together with a healthier constitution of body, seems to have possessed a more ready and active mind, more of eagerness and fire. Winibald, who was weakly, was more of a quiet contemplative hermit-like cast. Their sister, St. Walberga, who was probably much younger than either, shows a particular attachment to her sickly brother. The outline of her life exhibits the same great and princely heart, melted by feminine softness into a gentle patience, and sweet intensity of devotion.

From such children we could well argue the piety of the father, under whose fostering care such stately plants grew up to adorn Christ's earthly paradise. But a circumstance occurs to show the habitual holy temper and religious faith of King Richard. The child Willibald, when he was about three years old, was seized with a violent disorder; the sickness was so severe, that his body fell under it into the last state of weakness, and his life was given over. At such times the difference between the worldly and the religious is this, the former look to natural means only for help, and when these fail, they have nothing to rely upon; the latter still depend upon the will of God in faith, and therefore have hope. In those simple times, (and the custom still remains in simple countries like the Tyrol,) a holy cross of sufficient size was planted in a public open spot, which was thus dedicated to acts of religious worship, sometimes by the wayside, sometimes adjoining the house of a rich proprietor, to which it was attached like a chapel, and used as a domestic place of prayer. To this the king and queen brought the child and laid him at its foot, a suffering infant beneath the emblem of suffering innocence. There they poured forth their earnest prayers and intercessions, vowing, as Hannah of old, that if the dying child was given back to them, his life should be devoted to the service of God. The prayer was heard, and the child restored. The staff of Elisha brought no help to the Shunammite's son in times of old, but the cross of the Lord is found of more avail to the faithful in Christ.

St. Richard received his child as a gift restored again from the grave, and held him to be no more his own, but a sacred trust put into his hands from heaven. Doubtless, such an event tended much to increase devotion and thankfulness in a mind and heart already devout. For two years more he kept his son, and then, by the hand of a faithful servant, sent him at the age of five years old to be placed with the holy Abbot Egbald in the monastery of Waltham, not far from Winchester, where still there is a bishop's residence. Thus he severed his son from himself and from the world, a painful act, which afterwards led on to another and greater sacrifice, in which consists the chief action in St. Richard's life. Self-denial ever leads the way to self-denial.

From the "Family of St. Richard, the Saxon," published by James Toovey, 36, St. James's St. London.

A NIGHT HYMN.

Save me, sweet Jesus, sleep is onward stealing,
Bending the heart in a deep hush of feeling,
Oh, in these awful hours that seem to sever
Life's link from this frail world as if for ever,
Save me, sweet Jesus, save.

Shield, God of powerful love, shield me when Even
Spreads a broad gloom between mine eyes and heaven,
In the still desolateness that gathers round me,
Then let thy love and mighty power surround me,
Save me, sweet Jesus, save.

And should my sleep by sigh or dream be broken,
Then let some thought of thee my love betoken:
Thine in the day, and thine when night is closing,
Thus may I live in thy dear arms reposing,
Hear me, sweet Jesus hear.

S.

THE GLASS OF WATER.

A Tale.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT the curate had foreseen was not long in taking place. Fabio met him at the door, and, raising his hands to heaven on seeing his master return with two children, cried out, "May all the saints of heaven assist me! What are you going to do with these two wretched creatures? We have not too much for ourselves already, and you are bringing two more mouths to be fed. Do you want me to go from door to door to beg bread for you and these children? The sons, too, of a vagabond, a brigand, the children of an assassin! This is indeed fostering serpents in your bosom! If one only knew at least that they were baptised.—Oh, it is disgraceful! it is—."

"A truce to your cries and your reproaches," replied the curate, glancing at him a severe look. "I told you before that I intended to be master in my own house, and that I would not receive lessons from my domestic. Here, take this money: go and buy some milk for these poor children, and let me have no more of your remarks."

Fabio took the money and departed, grumbling between his teeth. Soon after he returned with a bowl of milk, which he warmed upon the fire; and, after mixing with it a little bread and sugar, he brought it to the curate. The latter fed the children, and when they were satisfied, laid them upon an old cloak, where they were not long in falling asleep.

"Now that we are quiet," said the curate to Fabio, "we may talk at our leisure, and consider what is best to be done for these children. As to the elder, we will keep him; he is already partly brought up. But the younger would cause us a great deal of trouble, and would take off much of my time from my studies; we must find a family in which we can place him."

"All very well; but who do you think would burden himself with the child? The villagers are all too poor; and, besides, I know of none who would be willing to maintain and bring up a child for nothing. What age do you think he is?"

"Ten months at the most. He consequently requires care; but this care will not be gratuitous, for their father has left me his purse. Let us see what it contains;" and he opened the purse. "Eight pieces of gold: this is more than we require. Half of it will be sufficient to pay the expense which this little babe will cause us. The rest of the money shall be reserved to purchase clothing for these poor children when they are bigger, so you must try to-morrow to find a house where they will take charge of the baby; and tell them that, as soon as the child is able to speak and walk, we will take him back and bring him up with his brother."

These arrangements satisfied Fabio, and he had no more objections to make.

Next day the curate went to call upon the alcaid of the place, and related to him the incidents of the preceding day. The poor mother was interred in consecrated ground, and the curate offered up mass for her. The two children were baptised conditionally; the elder received the name of Charles, and the younger that of Dominic. The latter was easily disposed of; the four pieces of gold proved an irresistible temptation for the poor people of the neighbourhood, who looked upon this sum as a mighty treasure.

The good curate having succeeded so well, occupied himself in his leisure moments with the education of Charles. The child showed the happiest dispositions, and supplied by his docility the want of a more resolute and less indulgent master. He learnt in a short time to read and write. The powers of his mind became developed with his age, and when his little brother came to rejoin him at the humble presbytery, Charles was already far advanced for his age, and was eager to communicate to Dominic the thirst for knowledge which consumed his soul.

Besides the pleasure which the curate took in watching the progress which they made in virtue and learning, he experienced, moreover, the delight of seeing these intelligent and affectionate children attach themselves to him, and show him their gratitude for all they owed him; for they knew already that the priest had adopted them, and that they were not really his children. Their innocent prattle, their sports, and the little services which they rendered to the curate, served to dispel the monotony which had before prevailed in his house; and even old Fabio himself appeared to enjoy the presence of the two brothers. His temper gradually softened, and he became every day less surly.

"Would it not have been a misfortune if we had not adopted these amiable children?" the curate was in the habit of saying to his old domestic. "Do they not amply repay by their good qualities the little that we give them? Since they have been with us everything appears to have undergone an entire change; the time passes in the most agreeable manner, and one might say that their very studies are only calculated to give us pleasure by varying the satisfaction which they afford us. And then, what is the expense that they cause us? It seems to me that we eat no more than we did before. God returns to us on one side what we give away on the other; this is the way that he recompenses our charity."

"You are in the right, Sir," replied Fabio. "I looked at things then quite in a different light, and I now see that I was deceived. These children are angels; no one would say that they are the sons of a brigand, and the proverb, 'like father, like son,' is not at any rate verified in them. I should like very much to know what is become of their father. It is almost six years since he supped here. Oh! I shall never forget that night."

Charles and Dominic became every day a subject of greater interest. They served at mass, sang at vespers, worked in the garden, took care of the poul-

try, and relieved Fabio of many of his duties. The old man was charmed with these services, and appeared quite young again, in spite of the ninety winters he had seen. The curate took advantage of his leisure moments to teach his pupils Latin; and they, when once masters of the rudiments, applied themselves with eagerness to the study of that beautiful language. He also initiated them by degrees into the beauties of Spanish literature, and made them learn by heart select pieces of poetry.

The birthday of the worthy priest having arrived, the two brothers decked his study with garlands; and when he returned from mass, Charles presented him with a beautiful nosegay, and recited before him a piece of poetry, in which he had made allusion to the noble charity which the good priest had exercised towards them. When he had finished the recital, he threw himself into the arms of his benefactor, and watered him with tears of gratitude.

The curate, greatly moved at this scene, for which he was nowise prepared, promised his amiable pupils to redouble his zeal to render them good and wise; and he kept his word. These charming children increased every day in wisdom and the love of virtue; and in proportion as they advanced in years, they felt more fully the obligations which they were under to the good priest, and made every return that gratitude or affection could suggest.

Their piety, good conduct, and affectionate disposition won them the esteem of all the villagers; who gave them the title of the two orphans, and more than one father proposed them as a model to his children. Charles, above all, made himself remarkable for his candour and the sweetness of his disposition. Dominic was more lively and petulant, but a word or even a look from the curate was sufficient to make him reflect, and he was eager to own and repair, to the best of his power, the little faults which his want of reflection had made him commit. Thus, what he lost by his thoughtlessness, he recovered by his prompt submission.

A. G.

One act of sensuality leads, as St. Gregory observes, almost inevitably to others, and penance and austerity, conferring self-command, are the only safe means of restoring the equilibrium of the mind, when the passions have once got the mastery. Opulence, freeing man from necessary, and, therefore, tempting him away from voluntary hardship, has ever led to the destruction of states, of families, and of individuals. Even lawful indulgence, unless checked by periodical austerity, is apt to degenerate into abuse.

People fell into a gross mistake, in dating strength of body and mind, from nourishment and instruction alone: austerity is a great adjutant means of both; and since the new doctrines and habits of modern times have prevailed, it has become a subject of common complaint, that though commerce is extended, and the luxuries of life multiplied, the mind has lost its vigour, and the body its strength.

It is wisely observed by St. Basil in his *Homily de Jejunio*, that as wrestlers train themselves by exercise before combat, so ought Christians by abstemiousness to prepare themselves for fasting.

ALL DIFFICULTIES MAY BE OVERCOME.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly like the visible horizon before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts, and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns, that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame, and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough to rest in the grave," says Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a popular Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost into the sea. The toils, as well as risks of an active life, are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till "it is made hot." Herschel, the astronomer, declares, that ninety or a hundred hours clear enough for observations cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friends will never attempt to reconcile them.

SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF THE FIGURE 9.

Multiply 9 by itself, or by any other single figure, and the two figures forming the product will, in each case, if added together, amount to 9: for example, 9 multiplied by 9 is 81, and 8 and 1 added together make 9, so on with the other figures. The figures forming the amount of 123456789, added together, (viz. 45) will also, if added together, make 9. The amount of the several products or multiples of 9, (9, 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, 81) namely 405, when divided by nine, gives a quotient of 45, and the figures forming either the dividend or the quotient, added together, make 9. Multiply any row of figures either by 9, or by any one of the products of 9 multiplied by a single figure, as by 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, or 81, and the sum of the figures of the product, added together, will be divisible by 9.

Multiply the 9 digits in the following order, 123456789, by 9, or by any one of the products of 9 mentioned in the last paragraph, and the product will come out all in one figure, except the place of tens, which will be a 0, and that figure will be the one which, multiplied into 9, supplies the multiplier; that is, if you select 9 as the multiplier, the product will be (except the place of tens) all ones; if you select 18, all twos; if 27, all threes, and so on. Omit the 8 in the multiplicand, and the 0 will also vanish from the product, leaving it all ones, twos, threes, &c. as the case may be.

SPEECH MAKING.

Who has not known a pleasant party, utterly done for—every element of its pleasantness extinguished by the demon of speech making throwing its wet blanket over it. The interesting conversation—the smartly maintained argument—the quick repartee—the good-humoured badinage—all paralysed in a moment by some unhappy speech-maker, who rises from his chair, like a ghost through a trap-door, and in an unfaltering stolid voice asks permission to propose a toast. It is granted, of course. You know that all is over—the blow has been struck—enjoyment is lying sprawling under the table, dying or dead. You may as well take your hat and go home disconsolately in the rain: you know what will follow. You know that the wretch is going to propose your host's health—you know all that a creature of the kind says—he is always sure the toast he is about to give requires no comment—that its object requires no eulogium from him to make them all do that toast due honour. They all know their friend—their excellent—their valued friend—and that, as surely as he is known he is esteemed—that they all can and do appreciate those many excellent qualities which have so generally endeared him, either as a husband, a father, or a friend. Knowing this, and feeling this, he did believe himself called upon to, &c. &c. &c. All the common-place cant of compliment is duly gone through; and the deuce of it is, that the matter don't end here. The toastee (there is no law against coining words as against coining half-crowns) is in duty bound to return thanks, which process he performs by disclaiming *seriatim* all the flattery lavished upon him, and too often winding up by plastering it more upon another, who in his turn repeats the interesting operation. And so it goes round: the mania is as catching as the small-pox. Everybody proposes everybody else's health. It would be an insult given, to leave out any body—received, to be left out by everybody. Conversation, amusing or instructive, gives place to a vapid round of compliments, neither instructive, nor amusing, nor sincere. You no more mean what you say when you make an ordinary buttering after-dinner speech than you do what you write, when you finish a letter with "your most obedient servant," and address it to a fellow whom you mean to kick the first time you can catch him.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A HOUSE TAX.

It appears, from the returns under the late census, that there were in Great Britain, in 1841, 3,448,848 inhabited houses. Of these, however, not more than from a fourth to a fifth part are supposed to be worth above £10 a year. But as the old tax on this small portion, with the farther deduction of farm-houses, produced about £1,260,000 a year, it is easy to see that, had the tax been extended to the lower description of houses, and the rates increased on the superior houses, it might have been rendered a most productive source of income. In farther corroboration of what is now stated, we may observe, that the rental of the dwelling houses assessed to the poor-rate in England and Wales, in 1840-41, amounted to £23,386,401, and adding to this sum one-fifth part for Scotland, the gross house-rental of Great Britain will have been about £28,000,000 a year. Now, supposing that a tax of 10 per cent (which would have been anything but oppressive) had been imposed on this rental, it would have produced £2,800,000 a year; and had the better class of houses been charged at higher rates, the produce would have been still greater.—*M'Culloch on Taxation and the Funding System.*

ORDER, A FACULTY OF THE MIND.

You may observe that there is in man a love of order or arrangement, commencing at the very dawn of reason: indeed, even when the intellectual powers have scarcely awoke, the child begins to select and arrange such material objects as happen to be within his reach. He places bodies together which are of the same form, and collects into one place objects of the same colour or of the same size. This faculty seems intended for the wisest purposes, and though observed throughout the animal creation, yet it is bestowed on man in a pre-eminent degree. It is this faculty which, when his intellect has advanced to maturity, enables him to divide, methodise, and classify the various objects around him; while it is also one of the most important of our mental powers in transacting what is usually called "the business of life." It is, indeed, of such importance in the operations of mind, that phrenologists have attributed to it a particular organ.

THE INFLUENCE OF AN EARNEST SOUL.

There is scarce any thing in nature more astonishing to a reflecting mind, than the influence of one man's thought and feeling over another, and on thousands of his fellows. There are few voices in the world, but many echoes, and so the history of the world is chiefly the rise and progress of the thoughts and feelings of a few great men. Let a man's outward position be what it may, that of a slave or a king, or an apparent idler in a busy metropolis, if he have more wisdom, love, and religion, than any of his fellow mortals, their mind, heart, and soul, are put in motion, even against their will, and they cannot stand where they stood before, though they close their eyes ever so stiffly.—*Theodore Parker.*

AN IMPORTANT SECRET.

"When first I devoted myself to the public service," says Burke, "I considered how I should render myself fit for it; and this I did by endeavouring to discover what it was that gave the country the rank it holds in the world. I found that our prosperity and dignity arose principally, if not solely, from two sources—our constitution and commerce. Both these I have spared no study to understand, and no measure to support."

NATIONS AND PEOPLES OUGHT NOT TO HAVE INDEPENDANT CHURCHES.

The judgment of the Council of Whitby was a great step towards the consummation of Wilfrid's hopes. In his speech he had laid open the true disease of England, the disease which was then drawing it onward to the brink of schism, which clung to it more or less, succouring the evil and baffling the good, even up to the primacy of Archbishop Warham; which plunged it into that depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism, in which it has lain since the time of Henry VIII., and has hitherto retarded its penitence and self-abasement. He referred the stubborn non-conformity of his times to that narrow temper of self-praise fostered by our insular position, leading the great mass of common minds to overlook with a bigoted superciliousness almost the very existence of the Universal Church, and to disesteem the privileges of communion with it. A *particular* church, priding itself upon its separate rights and independant jurisdiction, must end at last in arrogating to itself an inward purity, a liberty of change, and an empire over the individual conscience far more stringent and tyrannous than was ever claimed by the Universal Church. *In other words, nationalism must result in the meanest form of bigotry, and, as being essentially demoralising, must be a fearful heresy in theology.—Life of S. Wilfrid by an Anglican.*

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